

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

ONE result of the shameful verdict of the Rennes court-martial has been to postpone the publication of Dreyfus literature. Had an acquittal been pronounced we might already, or within a very few days, have been in possession of several histories of the *affaire*. But, as it is, these books will be held over until some kind of finish has been reached. For really lucid and orderly accounts of the whole matter there will be a great sale. Meanwhile the *Graphic* has issued an excellent illustrated supplement carrying the *affaire* to date.

WHILE awaiting either for removal to his permanent prison or for the nullification of his monstrous sentence, Captain Dreyfus has resorted to novel-reading. The regulations permit him all novels he may want, except those published within the past four years—a confession of the possible power of the despised “intellectual,” or literary party.

It has been gravely stated by a contemporary that the decision of the Rennes court-martial will not affect seriously the sale of French novels in this country. No one would expect it to. English feeling may carry us very far—too far, probably—but it would never interfere with our enjoyment of the writings of, say, M. Anatole France. We should as soon think of condemning our unhappy neighbours by giving up French mustard or plaster of Paris.

LAST week we hinted at another publishing venture in connexion with one of the more conservative daily papers. We may now state that the paper is the *Standard*, and the work to be circulated under its auspices is an anthology of English prose and verse in several volumes, edited by Dr. Garnett. The *Guardian*, another paper which adopts new mercantile ideas but slowly, is about to offer its readers special facilities for acquiring Tissot's *Life of Christ*.

WE are glad to be able to state that Mr. Grant Allen's condition of health may now be considered less serious. For a long time the doctors were unable to discover from what cause their patient suffered such intense pain; but the seat of the disease has now been located, and it is probable that improvement may henceforward be steady.

THE editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* has just changed hands, passing from Mr. Walter H. Page to Prof. Bliss Perry. Mr. Page, who has edited the magazine since 1896, has gone over to the new firm of Harper Brothers, Doubleday, McClure & Co., where he will have charge of the great encyclopædia that they are projecting. Prof. Bliss Perry, his successor, has been Holmes Professor of English Literature at Princeton since 1893. The *Atlantic Monthly* is now as interesting as ever it was.

THERE is every sign that *Harpers' Magazine*, good though it is and has always been, will benefit by the amalgama-

tion of its proprietors' firm with that of Messrs. Doubleday, McClure & Co. A general toning up of the concerns of the two houses seems to be in progress, and the readers of *Harpers'* will not suffer. Among the editor's arrangements are monthly articles by Mr. Kipling, to be entitled “A Winter Note Book,” and serials by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. I. Zangwill. In America the price of the magazine has been reduced to twenty-five cents.

THE publishing business of Mr. James Bowden has, we are informed, been acquired by Messrs. Harper Brothers, Doubleday, McClure & Co.

ELSEWHERE in this number will be found an article, reprinted from an American magazine, on Ibsen. The portrait, which we print below, from the same periodical,



IBSEN AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

represents Ibsen at the age of forty, and is very little known.

THIS week the autumn publishing season has begun. The stream is but a thin one at present, yet it will be a tremendous river shortly. The end of October will see its high tide. Readers of the *Times*, by the way, might imagine that the busy season was with us now, from the long articles on “Books of the Week” which have been appearing of late every other day.

16 September, 1899.

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL's eight-lined inscription for the William Black memorial beacon runs thus:

We fain would let thy memory dwell
Where rush the tidewaves of the sea,
Where storms will moan or calms will tell
To all the world our love for thee,
Whom all men loved in this old land,
And all men loved across the sea.
We well may clasp our brethren's hand,
And light the Beacon light for thee.

MR. DAVID BRYCE, of Glasgow, sends us a penny edition of Cruikshank's famous *Progress of Mr. Lambkin* (*Gent.*), Cruikshank for a penny being another concession to the democratic bookbuyer. To what extent the humours of this *brochure* will appeal to this generation we cannot say, but nothing has changed except the fashions. Lambkins we still have among us—half the fun of several weekly London papers is extracted from their misadventures—and Lambkins we shall have always. Priessnitz has gone, frilled waistcoats have gone, the *corps de ballet* is no longer what it was, the glory has departed from the Hummums, but human nature is stationary, and Cruikshank's pictures are still funny. Mr. Lambkin standing before the fire at the Mausoleum Club is masterly. The letterpress is more antiquated. How quaint is this: "Mr. Lambkin goes to a Masquerade as Don Giovanni, which character he supports to perfection. He falls into the company of certain Shepherdesses, who show the native simplicity of their Arcadian manners by drinking porter out of quart pewter mugs. They are delighted with the Don, who adds to the porter a quantity of Champagne, which they drink with the same degree of easy elegance as they do the Beer."

In our correspondence will be found two more letters on the subject of children's books. Next week we shall probably sum up the matter by giving a consensus of the opinions which have been expressed. Meanwhile, we may quote again Dr. Johnson's sentiments: "I would put a child into a library where no unfit books are, and let him read at his choice. A child should not be discouraged from reading anything which he takes a liking to because it is above his reach. If this is the case, the child will soon find out and desist; if not, he of course gains the instruction, which is so much the more likely to come from the inclination with which he takes up the study." But there are, of course, dangers attending this practice.

CONCERNING the remark of a recent lady correspondent to the ACADEMY, that Shakespeare's Poems were among her favourite reading as a child, a commentator thus rhymes in *Punch*:

Tell me, Lady—break it gently—
When but five, were you intently
Letting ISBN brain-bewilder?
In one Doll's House finding pleasures,
Snubbing Jack's constructive measures
For an abler Master Builder.

Were you, as an infant, yielding
To the full-blown charms of FIELDING?
And when you were carried bed-ward,
(BERNARD SHAW's views notwithstanding),
Did you spout upon the landing
From a certain Lear—not EDWARD?

Did you—please excuse suggestion—
Write upon the Sonnet Question?
Nay, I ask it not in malice!
I, alas, could only glory
In some foolish Eastern story,
Or the Wonderland of Alice.

THE ranks of those who make books for children are to be increased by the addition of Father Tabb, the author

of two tiny volumes of meditative and often beautiful little poems or versicles. Father Tabb has now written a book of *Child Verse*, which will be published this autumn.

THE cult of the garden, at any rate in literature, seems to be on the increase. The past two or three years have seen some notable gardening books, particularly, perhaps, Miss Jekyll's *Wood and Garden* and *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* by Mrs. Earle; and now, as the first of the "Country Life Library," comes the opening part of a comprehensive horticultural and arboricultural work, entitled *The Century Book of Gardening*. Therein are reproduced some of the brilliant photographs of old English gardens for which *Country Life* is famous, and among the contributors are Mrs. Earle and a number of well-known specialists. The book, which will be complete in twenty-six weekly parts, is published by George Newnes, Ltd. In scope—judging from Part I—it is, perhaps, over-ambitious, since the small householder who really needs advice is somewhat crowded out in favour of the owner of beautiful and imposing pleasuregrounds, who, as a rule, leaves everything to his head gardener; but perhaps this fault will be remedied later.

IN A sturdy, stout little book at half-a-crown, bound in blue boards with a canvas back, may be found a reprint of the *Arts and Crafts Essays*, which, with a preface by William Morris, were first published in 1893. The whole makes a complete guide to the higher upholstery and decoration. Among the essays is that on printing, by Mr. Morris and Mr. Emery Walker, one or two points of which have, we fear, been neglected by the printers of the book before us. "Rivers," for example, we find again and again. This is, of course, only to admit once more that many of the counsels of these essayists are counsels of perfection. Morris's views on the formation of the page may still be new to many readers:

The position of the page on the paper should be considered if the book is to have a satisfactory look. Here once more the almost invariable modern practice is in opposition to a natural sense of proportion. From the time when books first took their present shape till the end of the sixteenth century, or indeed later, the page so lay on the paper that there was more space allowed to the bottom and fore margin than to the top and back of the paper, the unit of the book being looked on as the two pages forming an opening. The modern printer, in the teeth of the evidence given by his own eyes, considers the single page as the unit, and prints the page in the middle of his paper—only nominally so, however, in many cases, since when he uses a headline he counts that in, the result as measured by the eye being that the lower margin is less than the top one, and that the whole opening has an upside-down look vertically, and that laterally the page looks as if it were being driven off the paper.

IT was a "gorging Lord Mayor's Show of volumes" that Mr. Boffin, the night the "friendly move" was inaugurated, in *Our Mutual Friend*, brought to the Bower to be explored by his literary man. He meant gorgeous, explains Dickens, but was probably misled by the association of ideas. It looks rather cheap, but (writes a correspondent) Dickens is pretty often justified by facts. Thus, outside Canning Town Station, the other night, there was to be heard an orator declaiming against the wrongs inflicted by the great shipowners upon the sailor-man. It is quite easy to guess the British institution by vague association with which the familiar "jobbery and chicanery" was changed, in the orator's mouth, into "jobbery and chicaneery."

BY the middle of next month the committee formed by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin to complete Hodgson's *History of Northumberland* will issue their fifth volume, edited by Mr. J. Crawford Hodgson, F.S.A. The volume deals with

Warkworth and Shilbottle, situated on the north side of the famous angling river, the Coquet. Over the greater part of this territory the Duke of Northumberland, president of the committee, is lord, and the volume is enriched by documents from the ducal muniments, and plans and plates provided at his Grace's expense. Three members of the committee have written on special subjects—Canon Greenwell, of Durham, on the Coquet, and Warkworth Church; Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates on Warkworth Castle; and Mr. R. O. Heslop on the local dialect. Chapters on agriculture are contributed by Prof. Somerville, and on geology by Mr. E. J. Garwood, University Extension Lecturer at Harrow.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's new volume, to be called *The Lion and the Unicorn*, may be expected this month. It will be a collection of short stories, both of war and peace. The title story is of peace and love and Bohemian life in London. The others include "The Last Ride Together," "On the Fever Ship," "The Man with One Talent," and "The Vagrant." The book will, we hope, be dedicated to Jammers, the boy messenger, whose fame Mr. Davis made, and who did what he could for Mr. Davis's in return.

THE *Westminster Gazette* has made arrangements to print a series of articles on topics of the day from the pen of Mr. Dunne and the mouth of Mr. Dooley. The first will appear on Monday next.

ACCORDING to an American paper, Mr. Alfred Austin is the Poet Laureate, Mr. Rudyard Kipling the Poet Litigant.

Bibliographical.

IF Mr. Charles Hiatt contrives to import into his *Henry Irving: a Record and a Review*, any notable elements of novelty he will deserve great credit, for the ground he proposes to cover has been often tilled. I fancy that the first book that dealt with Sir Henry's career was Mr. Austin Brereton's *Henry Irving: a Biographical Sketch*, published in 1883. This was at once elaborate and accurate, and was illustrated freely and well. Then came, in 1884, after the actor's first American tour, Mr. Frederic Daly's *Henry Irving in England and America*, and Mr. Joseph Hatton's *Henry Irving's Impressions of America, Narrated in a Series of Sketches, Chronicles, and Conversations*. It is understood that "Frederic Daly" was a *nom-de-guerre* of Mr. L. F. Austin, who, I believe, was at one time private secretary to Sir Henry. Mr. Hatton's book was, in the main, a clever essay in superior interviewing. It was followed, in 1893, by *Henry Irving: Twenty Years at the Lyceum*—the work of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who issued a second edition of it, with an additional chapter, in 1895.

The last named year also saw the publication of a brochure by Mr. Walter Calvert, called *Souvenir of Sir Henry Irving*, and suggested, no doubt, by the knighthood which had just been conferred upon the actor. Naturally there is a memoir of Sir Henry in Mr. Goddard's *Players of the Period*, as well as in all the other books or booklets dealing with the contemporary stage. There are glimpses of Sir Henry's personality in Mr. William Winter's *Grey Days and Gold*; and need I say what a wealth of biographical detail there is in the various interviews to which Sir Henry has been subjected, as well as in the lectures and speeches he has delivered, and in the magazine articles he has written? Verily Mr. Hiatt will have to select, rather than collect, the material for his "Record and Review."

Among forthcoming publications, it is said, will be a little volume of *Reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Others*, by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton. Will these be identical with the *Reminiscences* which Mrs. Linton contributed some time ago to one of the magazines? Because, if so, the volume will be little indeed. Let us hope that something more extensive is in store for us. In the later years of her life Mrs. Linton did a good deal of signed journalism. I wonder if it would be worth while to reprint some of the best of her effusions? One of the most vigorous of her later performances was the study of George Eliot which she contributed to *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* (Hurst & Blackett) in 1897. That, and the study of the Brontë Sisters which Mrs. Oliphant wrote for the same volume, might well be reprinted, and issued in a cheap form. Many people, I am sure, would like to possess them, for both are excellent of their kind.

The selection of Mr. Brander Matthews to write the biographical and critical introduction to the *de luxe* edition of Mark Twain's works may puzzle some people, but it is easy to understand. Though he takes, with us, no very high position as a critic, Mr. Matthews is very well known to English as well as to American readers, especially as a writer of short stories and as a commentator on the drama. Then, his *Pen and Ink Papers* were published in England in 1888, his *Books and Playbooks* in 1895; while among other volumes of his circulated in this country are his *Americanisms and Briticisms*, his *Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism*, his *Bookbindings Old and New*, and his *Introduction to the Study of American Literature*. He writes a pleasant style, and, altogether, may be expected to "introduce" Mark Twain to us in agreeable fashion.

The promised book on the mediaeval legends concerning Virgil as necromancer will be welcome, for, so far as my reading goes, the subject has not yet had very full treatment at the hands of any English writer. Most people have heard of the "treatise," published in English sometime in the sixteenth century, which professed to recount *The Lyfe of Virgil, and his Death, and many other Marvayles that he did in his Lyfetyme by Witchcrafts and Nyromancy through the Develles of Hell*. This was reprinted in 1812, and again by W. J. Thoms in his *Early Prose Romances*. Then, in 1893, we had *The Wonderful History of Virgilius the Sorcerer of Rome, Englished for the First Time*. A popular volume on the general subject should "take."

Mr. W. D. Howells has been quoting from the latest Canadian poet, Mr. Madison Cawein, a stanza in which occurs the phrase "bird-haunted garden." Is this not a little too suggestive of the "wet, bird-haunted English lawn" of a much greater poet?

With reference to two letters in last week's ACADEMY, I note Mr. T. B. Smart's suggestion that I should add to the information I gave about Matthew Arnold's "Old Playgoer" articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. May I suggest that Mr. Smart, as Mr. Arnold's bibliographer, might himself very well look up the files of the *Gazette*, and print the result as an appendix to his volume? Glancing through the *Bibliography* he compiled, I can see no entry concerning any of the "Old Playgoer" papers, though it was a matter of notoriety at the time of their publication that Mr. Arnold was their author. I see, by the way, that Mr. A. B. Walkley has just been quoting in an evening paper from some comments which the "Old Playgoer" made in the *Gazette* upon "Forget-Me-Not" and Miss Genevieve Ward.

As for Mr. Edwardes-Jones's communication, I have only to say that I never described the "Great Artists" series as "published" in the early nineties. I said they "appeared not later than" the early nineties, by which I meant that the last of them had been given to the world at a comparatively recent date—a good reason, as I thought, and think, for not starting now a series on the same subject.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Change of Air.

Liquid Air and the Liquefaction of Gases. By T. O'Conor Sloane, Ph.D. (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

DR. SLOANE's book, to quote the rest of its title, covers the "Theory, History, Biography, Practical Applications, and Manufacture" of the substances with which it deals, and is a truly fascinating monograph on a fascinating subject. Not that he writes well; his style is much to seek, "suggestions" are "suggestive," and so forth: but he is clear, concise, and has his subject well in hand. The reader who has laid down the book feels that he really has—perhaps for the first time—a solid and well-rounded knowledge of the subject.

And what a subject it is! The whole popular conception, not merely of air, but of the nature and relations of the terrestrial world, is scattered to the four winds by a perusal of this book. "Airy nothing," "insubstantial as air," "invisible as air," and a host of colloquial expressions become utter misnomers; the ground is cut from under them. Air, indeed, has been "liquid" in the poets from time immemorial; but what was with them a metaphorical adjective is now matter of literal speech. To the question of Agur the son of Jakeh: "Who hath gathered the wind in his fists?" the modern scientist may answer "Even I." And if the latent force of the new discovery should be successfully applied to motion, sailors may yet traffic in winds, or their equivalent, without charge of witchcraft. Air is tinned and forwarded by rail; it may be delivered at your door with the morning's milk, though it were a harder matter to say what one should make of it. Here is the force of the snowstorm bound and sealed like the Arabian genie by that new Solomon, Mr. Tripler.

If hell consist (and we have Dante's word for it) in "fierce heat and in ice," then you can to a partial extent have a little hell of your own by entering M. Pictet's cold well, where you stand up to your neck in Arctic chill, like the spirits in the great Florentine's Malebolge. Winter is for merchandise; and during the present sultry weather M. Pictet might have done worse than bring it to London. Why go to the North Pole when you can have all the essentials at reasonable prices in Europe, without blubber, bears, and the chance of being cracked like an egg by ice-floes? With a little development you need not despair of having the North in your own back parlour, if you are of Falstaffian habit of body. Were Mr. Henley to rewrite his ballade of cool thoughts, he would certainly include this book among them. Hoar frost clinging round flasks by the mere cold of the liquid air inside them—think of it in the sweltering stone jug of Oxford-street or Fleet-street!

This is sport, fancy; but in very serious ways the trend of recent science, as exhibited by Dr. Sloane, revolutionises our physical conceptions. Science draws nearer and nearer to the ancient philosophy of nature, never lacking occasional firm adherents from Berkeley downwards; according to which the universe is a vast Chinese box or nest of boxes—not, however, mechanical and lifeless, but developing into and out from each other in a vast ascending and descending series. So the old Egyptians symbolised the universe by an onion, with its swathe within swathe. Thus, too, modern science is learning and teaching that there is no hard-and-fast division between the seeming—distinct substances which build up our mundane environment. Vapour must disappear and be recognised as one with gas. The invisible clouds of the dew are no less gas than hydrogen itself. Nor when we have thus simplified our division into solids, liquids, and gases do we reach finality. For all three pass into one another, and are none of them irreducible; solids, liquids, or gases are mere states of substance, depending for their existence on temperature and pressure. Alter these conditions and you alter the state; solid becomes liquid, liquid solid; fluid a

gas, gas a fluid. Under pressure metals infiltrate each other like semi-fluids; though they be in no way reduced to fluid, though their metallic and immobile-seeming consistence be unaffected.

At a certain heat and pressure, again, solid elements become liquids, and the liquids in their turn gases. With a sufficient reduction of heat and application of pressure gases *vice-versa* are transformed to liquids, and thence to solids. Carbonic acid gas is made as water—expose it to the air and the released fluid falls in snowy mass. Our world maintains that form by which we know it through the bonds of temperature and pressure; release or affirm those bonds and that apparently inevitable form would give place to a wholesale, an inconceivable, transformation scene. The communication doors of nature have been set ajar by late discoveries, until to the unaccustomed lay mind it seems as if her partition walls were overthrown or falling; as if the solid earth itself were loosening beneath the footsteps of hurrying research.

It seems so, because the crowning liquefaction of air has awakened us suddenly to these matters from a long sleep of indifference. To science it is a gradual and no ways startling affair. Scientists have long been circling the walls of this Jericho, though they have fallen at last amid an amazing blast of trumpets. Temperature is the great factor in these attractive and magical-seeming results. Everything has heat of which it can be robbed, and alters its consistence with the robbery. The housewife cooling a jelly is the homely image alike of the scientist reducing a gas and the Creator preparing a world. The cold frog has neighbourly warmth to its fellow, and the iceberg its frosty fire. Dr. Sloane gives a striking illustration of this. Place on a block of ice a kettle of liquid air and the liquid boils. The ice boils it. As the poorest rhymster finds some to whom he affords the poetic thrill, so the ice is boiling hot to the yet colder liquid air. To bring down the heat of a gas is the essential towards liquefying it. The process is facilitated by pressure, which mechanically approximates the molecules of the gas. Practically, this is necessary in most cases; theoretically, cold alone is sufficient. It is our limitation of means which obliges us to add the help of pressure. In proof of this, when a vessel of liquid air is exhausted by a vacuum-pump, the intense cold set up causes air to liquefy on the outside of the tube and drip from its end. But to obtain it in quantity needs pressure besides cold. On the other hand, with some gases that are (in their normal condition) near the liquefying point—the *critical state*, as science calls it—pressure by itself is sufficient to liquefy them.

This explains why air and the higher gases (hydrogen, oxygen, &c.) remained unliquefied till our day—or at least is a main reason. Deceived by the liquefaction under pressure alone of such gases as chlorine, &c., the earlier chemists neglected temperature, and devoted all their attention to striving after enormous pressures. All through the century chemists have been toiling towards the goal finally reached in the liquefaction of air, and the substitution of cold for pressure as the chief agent was in truth the decisive turning-point.

Splendid fellows were those early chemists, with next to no apparatus, and amazing—nay, reckless—courage. Davy began his career by trying the curative effects of gases, not on his patients, but on himself. He got drunk that he might sober himself with laughing-gas. The laughing-gas proved no laughing matter: it burned his tongue, injured his teeth, and inflamed his throat. Presumably he was sober enough after that. But he was no whit warned. He next emptied his lungs of air, and inhaled carburetted hydrogen. Not being quite killed, when he recovered he tried carbonic acid gas, but was mercifully unable to swallow it. That was the kind of man he was. He did nothing in the liquefaction of gases, but showed extraordinary intuition as to the results which

his successors might develop. Next came Faraday, who did liquefy a long list of gases, with no better means than pressure (applied by heat) in sealed and bent tubes of green bottle-glass. As Davy failed to poison himself, Faraday was equally unsuccessful in his persevering attempts to explode himself. His eyes were always full of cuts and fragments of glass, since whether his discovery came off or not the explosion seldom failed. He blew a test-tube to pieces as a preliminary to the liquefaction of chlorine. Yet he finally died in his bed, full of honours, discoveries, and bits of green bottle-glass. Thilorier distinguished himself by his apparatus for the liquefaction of carbon dioxide, made of cast-iron. This deprived him of the distinction of green bottle-glass in his eyes; but, on the other hand, it blew both legs off his assistant, so that he maintained the tradition vicariously. It was about time to try other methods than pressure; and Pictet of Geneva, with Cailletet of Paris, were the two men who introduced the modern liquefaction by cold *and* pressure.

So much will be clear to every lay mind, without entering on details of the complex apparatus for exerting pressure, which succeeded Faraday's simple method of making the gas supply its own pressure, by heating it in a closed test-tube. The modern method of acting by reduction of temperature, combined with pressure, is much more elaborate, and cannot be truly explained in brief limit. But keeping to the same lines of avoiding detail, both mechanical and scientific, we may give some idea of the general principle of action. There are two chief methods. The first (universal till quite lately) finds its earliest exemplification in the apparatus by which Pictet liquefied oxygen and hydrogen. The gas was allowed to provide its own pressure, by heating; but this was an error, and other methods of increasing the pressure have been used in more modern experiments. The distinctive feature was the application of cold. Roughly speaking, the principle was as follows: a circulation of cold gas was maintained about the tube into which the gas intended for liquefaction passed. The cooling gas in its turn was sheathed in a fresh circulating system of cold gas, and in this way a constantly increased degree of cold was set up. The details, as they may be studied in Dr. Sloane's book, are exceedingly ingenious. Upon this principle, of cycle within cycle of freezing gases, Prof. Dewar finally constructed his very elaborate apparatus at the Royal Institution, in which liquid ethylene played a principal part as regards the generation of cold. His success in thereby liquefying hydrogen, and finally air, in large quantities, is too recent to need recalling. The objection to his system is its great expense; and Mr. Tripler, in America, has now discovered a simplified and cheap means of manufacturing liquid air wholesale. Again omitting details, his essential principle may be thus broadly stated. The gas, reduced to a very low temperature, is brought finally into a cylinder lined with felt to prevent evaporation. Here it passes through coils of tubing, whence it is discharged into the cylinder by means of a specially contrived valve. Thus suddenly released from pressure, it expands rapidly, and the heat which it uses up in this expansion reduces it to a yet greater cold. Part of it ascends in the cylinder, and cools the coils through which fresh gas is passing. Part collects at the bottom of the cylinder, and by the perpetually increasing cold so set up, as gas continues to issue through the valve, is gradually liquefied. When a sufficient quantity has collected at the bottom, it is drawn off. This is the process of *intensification*, and by it the use of elaborate and expensive systems of freezing gases is avoided. The pressure is generated by means of a boiler; the air to be liquefied is drawn through the roof; and enormous quantities can in this way be manufactured at a comparatively small expense. The liquid air is placed in a tin, which is well wrapped with engine-felt, and placed inside another tin. The mouth is closed, and the air is ready for transport to any distance. The principle, it will be seen, on

which this amazingly successful process is based is that a gas expanding *by its own heat* undergoes a rapid fall in temperature—rapid in proportion to the rapidity of the expansion.

So much for the principle of liquefaction, which in this very general statement may be understood by any reader. But what, after all, is the practical outcome of our liquid air, now we have got it? Well, at present, it must be said, not much. As if to recreate themselves after the labours of research, the first thing that scientists do with a discovery is to play with it. They have played with liquid air. They have, by its means, made indiarubber air-balls brittle as glass bulbs: they have made cups or tumblers out of frozen whiskey; they have burned in it the most unburnable things; they have shown its explosive power; they have, in fact, astonished a marvel-loving public to its heart's content. But beyond a suggestion that it may be used to replace dynamite as an explosive, there are but two practical results of any consequence. It is capable of being used, instead of the knife, to amputate tumours, &c.; though it needs skilled handling. And M. Pictet claims that liquid air can be used to cure dyspepsia. A dyspeptic generation will not underrate such a boon as this. Liquid air is a solution of force, with endless potentialities, would science observingly distil them out. And now that she has finished playing with it, science undoubtedly will.

In the French East.

Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates. By Herbert Vivian. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 15s.)

In the first five chapters of his book Mr. Vivian describes Tunisian life under the heads of its history, the Bey, the



MIDDLE-CLASS WOMAN AND SERVANT IN TUNIS.

Barbary pirates, the Arabs, Islam, and Jews and Niggers. It is only in his sixth chapter that he describes his arrival at Tunis. This arrangement is not resented by the reader,

who is early made aware that Mr. Vivian's originality is not grown less nor his natural exuberance abated. Mr. Vivian never forgets that he edited the *Whirlwind*; and, really, we do not know why he should forget it. What the reader does resent is the expression of some unworthy and reckless opinion, as when Mr. Vivian says, by way of casual illustration: "Just as you have only to set eyes upon a Yankee to know him for an impudent vulgarian, so the first sight of an Arab suffices to convince you that he possesses every instinct of a gentleman." There is nothing Arabian about this sentence, and Mr. Vivian had better not have written it, if only because it betrays him. The memory of it remains to weaken many a criticism of the French authorities in Tunis.

Not everything that Mr. Vivian tells about Tunisia is peculiarly Tunisian. In his chapters on the Arabs, and on Islam, he describes customs and ceremonies which are common to other countries in the Near East. But this was inevitable, and the merit of these pages lies in the brisk observation which he brings to his task.

Tunis came under French protection in 1881. The old Bey is still living, a mere cypher, in the great palace at Marsa. Mr. Vivian compares him to an extinct volcano. He is, however, nothing so majestic. A mere French puppet, the old man comes to Tunis every Monday morning to see the French Resident and receive French officials. He goes to them, not they to him. The French allow him £37,500 a year, and deny him visitors as much as possible. Only in the days of Bairam, the holiday which follows the fast of Ramadan, does the Bey recover even a semblance of dignity; and even then the French officials who gather round his gilt throne "make no effort to avoid turning their backs to the straw sovereign." If they only flouted the Bey it would be a small matter, but Mr. Vivian has much to say against French methods in Tunis. Spy-mania is rampant in the country, and to go out without your passport is as much as your liberty is worth. Mr. Vivian tells us that Sir Lambert Playfair, when he was British Consul-General in Tunis, was once stopped when he was without his passport; and it was only by offering to write himself out one that he escaped arrest. Sir Lambert had a pretty jest at the expense of the French authorities. He would take up a coin and read out the legend thus: "*Liberté point. Égalité point. Fraternité point.*" The general prospects of the colony struck Mr. Vivian as poor:

If Tunisia is to have credit as a French colony, it must be colonised by Frenchmen. This the authorities understand, and they constantly endeavour to devise means whereby French agriculturists may be induced to come. But, with the best will in the world, they do not contrive to present a very attractive picture. I have in my hand a pamphlet which they have issued for distribution among persons contemplating emigration. It begins by setting forth the superior advantages of Tunisia over America and other fields of colonisation: the beneficent climate; the absence of fevers, savages, prairie fires; and the presence of the French flag to afford protection and the feeling of home. But it goes on to lay great stress upon the futility of coming over without capital, intelligence, and industry, the possession of which three blessings would, however, enable most men to do well anywhere, without the need of emigration. There are not even free concessions of land, or subsidies of any kind. Necessaries, with the exception, perhaps, of bread and the worst imaginable meat, are no cheaper than in the average French provincial town; while all luxuries, down to the very smallest, are infinitely dearer. Practically the chief form which French colonisation has taken so far has been little more than a species of camp-following. Wherever a French garrison establishes itself, a number of tawdry shops, rough eating-houses, and dismal places of entertainment creep into existence. No doubt the proprietors rapidly enrich themselves by the sale of inferior goods at prices calculated to repay them for the burthen of expatriation; and if this satisfies the aspirations of French expansion, there is no more to be said.

Mr. Vivian's strictures are often more lively than convincing; and an undercurrent of malice has to be allowed for again and again. Thus, Mr. Vivian says that the French monks at Carthage stop archaeological discovery by a dog-in-the-manger policy; but instead of proving this, he sneers at their costume—"a ridiculous combination of fezzes and white flannel"—and compares Cardinal Lavigerie's cathedral to a "glorified Brixton villa."

It is when he paints the Tunis of to-day that Mr. Vivian's youth and spirits serve him best. Very clear and many coloured is the picture of Tunis which rises before us in these pages. The dazzling white town, the long white mantles of the natives, and the proudly erect carriage which even the beggars do not lose, the stately strutting camels, the donkeys laden with oranges, the Arab horses hidden under enormous loads of olive branches, the gay nights among the cafés which close the austere days of Ramadan—all these are described with a light hand and a seeing eye. Mr. Vivian's description of the shops in Tunis is alluring:

Never had I seen anything to compare with the natural aestheticism of their arrangement or the brilliance of their colours. Most charming of all were the fruit-shops, with rows of light blood-oranges festooned upon the rafters; clusters of chillies, like prodigious fairy-lamps, illuminating the dark corners; and great racks of glistening dates upon the counters. Even the butchers' shops were picturesque, and it was always a fascination to watch the cross-legged Arabs plying their esparto-switches to keep off the flies, who foregathered even in mid-winter. The hemp and rope-shops presented a fascinating array, as did the ironmongers', with rusty chains and huge keys in clumsy locks all dangling at the doors. Driving along, there were charming peeps into native coffee-houses, where rows of turbaned dignitaries lay wrapped in contemplation or played unruffled games of cards.

The beggars of Tunis are many, but Mr. Vivian gives them a better character than Miss Lynch gives to those of Toledo. They are mostly Bedouin women, who run about Tunis in scanty attire.

"By the head of thy wife," they exclaim to an obviously newly-married man, "give me sous. By the head of madama, give, I say. By thy head, give . . ." They never seem to tire of their chorus, but will run for miles by the side of a carriage or dance before a traveller, carefully impeding his way as he walks through the narrow streets of the Arab quarter. They pluck at his clothes, like greedy hens attacking a feed of corn, and spread their glistening teeth in front of his face, or display a bundle of mouldy babies under his nose. But they are always boundlessly good-natured, and keep their patience though they be tantalised by the hour. From a bird of passage they will never take "No" for an answer; but when they come to know you, and to understand that you are generally good for a few coppers, they may be relied upon for the finest manners in the world. You have but to appeal to them as old friends, telling them that you are not in a generous mood to-day, but to-morrow you will see what you can do, and they instantly scamper off in search of another victim.

Mr. Vivian is much more convincing when he unfolds the picturesque in Tunis than when he is condemning Lord Salisbury's "blunders" in foreign policy, or telling us that though Bizerta will soon be admirably fortified against sea attack, it will be cheaply at the mercy of any force we may choose to land on the coast to the south.

In nothing that we have said do we wish to imply that this is not a delightful book of travel notes. Mr. Vivian is always controversial, he is never dull. And if any brightness, not his own, were needed, it is found in the photographs which Mrs. Vivian took during their sojourn with the benign and turbaned Tunisian, and in her excellent account of a visit to a harem in the Arab quarter. The photograph we reproduce needs no explanation.

A Great Town.

The History of the Castle, Town, and Port of Dover. By the Rev. S. P. H. Statham. (Longmans.)

THERE was a time, it is generally allowed, when the Britains were coherent with the continent of Europe. Dover on the one side, and Calais on the other, represent to our minds the last points of contact. In the midst of the shallow sea that has thrust them apart is still to be traced the bed of the river whose valley has been flooded by the encroaching tide. The sense of proximity has never been blotted out; from the beginning Dover has been magnetically conscious of a neighbour just out of the range of vision—a neighbour and a possible enemy; has been consciously burdened, therefore, as the geographical vanguard or watchtower of the Britains; so that when Caius Julius Caesar, pursuing victory to the ends of the earth, with the 7th and 10th Legions aboard his eighty transports, cast anchor in the Roads, he found "the armed force of the enemy stationed on all the hills." In the third century the British fleet, maintained as the first line of defence against Saxon pirates, had its principal places of rendezvous in those harbours known later as the Cinque Ports and the Two Ancient Towns; and thenceforward it is as the principal member of that Corporation that Dover figures in English history.

Dover in the time of King Edward [the Confessor] rendered 18 pounds; of which moneys King Edward had two parts and Earl Godwine the third. . . . The burgesses gave the king 20 ships once a year for 15 days, and in each ship were 20 men. This they did in return for his having endowed them with *sac* and *soc*. When the king's messenger came there he gave them for the passage of a horse 3d. in winter and 2d. in summer; but the burgesses found the pilot and one other to assist him, and if he wanted more it was hired at his own cost. From the festival of St. Michael to that of St. Andrew the king's truce was in the town, and if anyone broke it the Reeve received a common amend. Whoever resided constantly in the town, and rendered custom to the king, was quit of toll throughout all England. All these customs were there when King William came to England.

This is the record of Domesday Book, and Mr. Statham shows reason for attributing the grant of these privileges to King Alfred. "*Sac*" signifies the right of trying all causes, civil and criminal, in their own courts; "*soc*," the complementary right of halting *uitlanders* before the same tribunals. The Corporation reached its full stature in the thirteenth century, when Edward I. ordained that his ships should exact from all who voyaged in the narrow seas the homage of a *salute*. To the parliament summoned by Simon de Montfort the Cinque Ports Corporation sent four barons each—every burgess was a baron—twenty-eight in all. In the time of Elizabeth Dover seems to have fallen upon evil times. Twenty-one vessels she had been wont to furnish. Demand was made of five and a pinnace. Alack! she sent but one; and the balance was ludicrously shadowed by five pinnaces. Let us hope that the solitary ship was a big one.

The domestic life of the town was shaped mainly by two principal preoccupations. It was necessary, in the first place, to fulfil the traditional obligation of national service; in the second place, it was desirable by every lawful means to secure the best of the herring business, and particularly against the ignominious rivalry of upstart Yarmouth. Thus in 1338 it was patriotically enacted by the Warden that "within seven leagues of the sea in Kent only one bell should ring in churches, so that, in case of attack, all might be warned by the ringing of all bells." And so late as 1703, by the Assembly,

It is ordered that six men do watch every night.

No person [proceeds the enactment] shall be hereafter admitted a freeman . . . that at the time of demanding

his freedom is not resident in the Town, so as to be liable to the Scot and Lot, Watch and Ward of the Town.

Decreed [finally] that for the better security of the Town, a good watch be kept in the night-time by the inhabitants, and for default of any inhabitant, being duly warned, he shall forfeit one shilling to be levied by distress.

So it was of the utmost importance that what Captain Burrows, in our own day, calls "the law of eastward drift" should be frustrated. In the time of James I.

Personal service was demanded of the inhabitants . . . and in 1676 the "ancient custom" was revived, by which the mayor used to summon every householder by beat of drum to resort to the harbour with a shovel to clear the obstruction caused by the accumulation of shingle.

Even at this hour the last word of engineering ingenuity is energising against this same plaguy shingle. And it may be hoped that soon the lamentable tendency of the beach to "get into the harbour's mouth" will be chastened and corrected. Only one remembers that in "the grating roar of pebbles which the waves draw back and fling, at their return, up the high strand," bringing "the eternal note of sadness in," a poet found inspiration :

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle folded.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

The republican sentiment was manifested early in Dover: it was the first town to take up arms against Charles I. Similarly, it was Puritan in its views, and foreign refugees from the rigour of Catholic governments found ready hospitality within its bounds; at different times three foreign Protestant congregations were provided with meeting-houses. And so early as 1539 the municipal revenue was swelled by the sum of £29 7s., realised by the sale of Catholic ornaments pertaining to the church of St. Martin-le-Grand. That there was, none the less, a strong conservative element in the corporate mind is shown by the fine of £200 "sett upon Mr. Richard Barley, one of the Jurates of the Towne, for endeavouring, by bloweing the Horne, to alter the established government of the Corporacion, contrary to the decree of the said Corporacion" (1678).

The office of Constable of the Castle has been united since 1226 with that of Warden of the Cinque Ports. The Constable's primary business was the defence of the Castle. He must see that all the holders of knights' fees performed their service regularly and efficiently; and when a fixed payment was substituted for personal service, it was his business to collect the sums due for "castle ward." A proper flag was hoisted on collecting days; and he whose rent was not paid before sundown was assessed in the double. The Constable was commander of the garrison, and enjoyed authority to deal, to the utmost, with extreme cases. The prestige inherent in the office is manifest in the list of the Constables appended to this volume. Odo is there; Langton; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; George, the consort of Queen Anne; the younger Pitt, Palmerston, and the Duke of Wellington. To-day the distinguished Constable of the Castle, since 1895, is Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, Marquess of Salisbury.

We have done much less than justice to Mr. Statham's book. It is no mere gossiping chatter; it is a serious history of a place which, from the earliest historic times, has been for us the key of international intercourse. The book is the work of a man who reverences her stones, and has found no pain too heavy if only he might build up again into the likeness of truth the scattered fragments of her corporate life.

16 September, 1899.

Spanish Facets.

Contemporary Spain. By Mary Wright Plummer. (Trust-love, Hanson, & Comber.)

MISS PLUMMER has hit upon an interesting literary device. Assuming that America, having beaten Spain and being now at rest, is eager to learn something about the defeated enemy, this lady has selected from a number of Spanish novels passages descriptive of Spanish life, and has brought them together under various headings in the present volume. It is as though one should display England by means of paragraphs from Thackeray and Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Gissing and Dickens, George Eliot and Sir Walter Besant. Such a book would no doubt be interesting, but we cannot honestly say that we want to see it published. Similarly, Miss Plummer's book is interesting although somewhat snippety. But, also, it is very incomplete, partly because Miss Plummer has drawn only upon those novels that happen to be translated into English, and partly because novelists do not cover all ground in their stories. Still, she offers illumination, from Valdés, Bazan, Galdós, De Alascón, and Valera, on religion, politics, scenery, customs, and society; and it is one's own fault if at the end of the book one knows nothing of the country of the bull-fight, the fan, the mantilla, and the cigarette.

The cigarette, indeed, leads to a realistic description, from Valdés' *Sister Saint Sulpice*, of a Spanish tobacco factory:

The room which stretched out before my eyes was very impressive, and tended to make me timid. Three thousand women were seated in the vast vaulted hall. . . . It was almost impossible to breathe in that place; the atmosphere could have been cut with a knife. Numberless rows of women, young women especially, all wearing thin calico dresses of manifold colours, all with flowers in their bosoms, were rolling *cigarillos* upon large tables that shone from the much rubbing of hands. Many of them had beside them wooden cradles with young babies sleeping. These cradles, as Nieto told me, were furnished by the factory itself. Some of the women were nursing their young ones. The type of all these women had very little variation: round, dark cheeks, turned-up noses, black hair, and very black, wicked eyes. . . . That human hive hummed and buzzed, producing in the heavy, asphyxiated atmosphere, laden with nauseating odours, a dull and disagreeable roar. Above this roar could be heard the *chicho* with which the assemblage saluted me. The agile fingers moved swiftly, rolling up the poison with which all Spain would soon be contaminated.

Spain is, of course, one of the countries where the women do the work. At Bilbao, for instance, the tramp steamers which carry iron ore are laden by women while the men lounge about smoking these same *cigarillos*. Miss Plummer has no passage to this effect, but it is so.

Here, from a long description of the spectators at a bull-fight, from Galdós' *Leon Roch*, is a picturesque passage:

Above, in the boxes, there are more white mantillas, some covering gray heads, others framing the sweetest specimens of youth and beauty; fiery carnations or starry jasmine in their hair, cheeks like blush roses, eyes black or blue, with lashes quivering like butterflies; cherry lips, a glance as fickle as the light nod of a flower in the wind, and smiles that reveal teeth like pearls; the all-pervading fan with its wordless telegraphy in a thousand colours. This forms the bewildering charm of all large assemblages in Spain—the same in the boxes of a theatre as in the balconies over the streets—whenever there is a procession or a spectacle, or whenever a king makes his entry or takes his departure to do honour to a brand new constitution.

While a novel by Valera, *Don Braulio*, gives us the Spanish view of such spectacles:

In short [he sums up], the death of the bull is fine if the *matador* strikes true and gives it no more than two or three stabs; but frankly—and I am speaking in all

sincerity, nor am I given to rodomontade or sentimentality—all the preliminaries are an abomination, view them as we may. And yet, and in spite of all this, bull-fights will not cease. We ourselves would not dare to demand their suppression, for there is something national and romantic about them which appeals to us. We would be content with certain reforms if such were possible.

We commend the passage to the notice of the English contingent who applaud the miserable exhibition now given each Sunday by the bunglers of Boulogne.

To come to matters of more ordinary nature, we learn from Miss Plummer's book that the Andalusians hold the record for long engagements:

Here [says Valera in *Doña Luz*] are to be found cases of engagements dating from the time when the lover began to study Latin at school, continuing during his studies in polite literature, law, or medicine, and terminating in marriage only when he becomes judge of the lower court or titular physician. . . . I have heard it related of another lover, a native of Carcabuey, in proof of the firm conviction entertained in that part of the country that matrimony requires a great deal of consideration before entering upon it, that his future *mother-in-law*, reflecting that her daughter had been for thirteen years receiving his attentions without his ever having proposed to her, and that she was beginning to decline in her looks, resolved to ask the lover what his intentions were. And having summoned the necessary resolution to ask the question, the lover responded, very much surprised and a little displeased: "Good heavens, señora! Is it at the suggestion of some secret enemy of mine that you ask me this question?"

Finally, let us quote a general statement from Valdés' *The Marquis of Peñalta*:

. . . A country where everything is pardoned except contradiction. But among the honourable pleasures conferred by the Supreme Creator upon the heroic Spanish public there is none more keen and delectable than that of breaking the laws and programmes which they have freely imposed upon themselves. In this particular, sybaritism has reached the point of making itself every morning some rule for the pleasure afforded by breaking it in the afternoon.

And here we leave a warm-blooded little book. We shall be much mistaken if one effect of Miss Plummer's ingenuity is not to send a great many persons to Spain on journeys of discovery of their own.

Keate.

A History of Eton College. By Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte. Third Edition. (Macmillan.)

This encyclopedic history of Eton promises to be a progressive work, gathering into its pages with each successive edition whatever of old Eton lore may be brought to light, and adding new history as it is made. The second edition (1889) was a marked advance on the first (1875), containing, as it did, extracts from Dr. Keate's correspondence, and from a diary kept by a member of his family during the doctor's headmastership; and assistance was forthcoming from Mr. Gladstone, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and other old Etonians. The present edition is improved by the fact that the author has been able to examine a version of the *Nugae Etonenses* belonging to Sir R. Payne Gallwey, a series of letters from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach belonging to his niece, Mrs. Portal, &c. Recent works on Eton have also been used, as *Eton of Old*, which presents a capital picture of the college in the years 1820-1830; and Mr. A. D. Coleridge's *Eton in the Forties*. Mr. L. Vernon Harcourt's unrivaled collection of books and pamphlets relating to Eton has also been explored. Thus the book has grown considerably, apart from the increase (amounting to about thirty pages) entailed by bringing the narrative up to recent date. The last event

now recorded is the somewhat laggard formation, in 1898, of an Old Etonian Association.

Though ponderous, Sir Maxwell Lyte's volume is entertaining throughout. The chapter on Dr. Keate is particularly good and just. The dumpy doctor has been too much regarded as an executioner. Sir Maxwell Lyte is able to give a few stories, comparatively unfamiliar, which show that Keate had his fits of good temper, and that in unguarded moments he could be amiable. It is said that he freely pardoned a boy named Dallas, who had thrown a stone at him in school, on his apologising. "When two small boys pleaded, in excuse for being late for 'absence,' that they had been to see Gray's monument at Stoke Poges, he inflicted no punishment, and good-humouredly expressed a hope that they would turn out as good poets as Gray." One of these boys, as it happened, became his son-in-law, but no poet, although his name was Chapman. However, such stories are few; and posterity must find an offset to Keate's ferocity rather in the fact that the boys frequently took a "rise" out of their headmaster. In 1829, when boating was still a forbidden pastime, it became known that Keate meant to waylay an eight as they rowed up to Surly Hall, and punish (i.e., flog) the boys for their disobedience. Unfortunately for himself, he allowed his purpose to be known, and the boys contrived to hoax him effectually. On the appointed day, a crew of watermen, dressed up to represent the Eton "eight" and wearing masks over their faces, started from the Brocas, in the presence of a crowd of townspeople who had come out to see what would happen. Keate caught sight of them from the bank before they had reached Upper Hope, and shouted: "'Foolish boys, I know you all! Lord —, I know you. Watt, you had better come ashore. Come here, or you will all be expelled.' The boat, however, pursued its course steadily, several of the masters giving chase on horseback, and the ruse was not discovered until the crew disembarked and took off their masks with a loud 'hurrah'."

Keate did not take such defeats good-humouredly. On this occasion there was a rather inconclusive inquiry, resulting in eighteen floggings and other punishments. Still more enjoyable are the stories of Lord Norreys, afterwards Earl of Abingdon, who used to impersonate Keate (an easy thing to do), and go about in the evening in a cocked hat and gown spreading terror among the other boys. "One night he took a pot of red paint and therewith bedaubed the door of William Heath, one of the assistant masters, no one daring to interfere"; and once he went so far as to call absence at one of the dames' houses. The most serious charge which Sir Maxwell Lyte allows to remain at Keate's door is that he indirectly encouraged untruthfulness. He had no faith in schoolboy honour, and used to make charges of lying at random. One boy, "being so charged, actually sent Keate a challenge to a duel, and was finally expelled—to become a colonel in the Scots Guards.

Keate's reputation seems to rest on a kind of noble average, struck on all his acts. When he retired the boys presented him with three pieces of silver worth £600. Keate was "for once fairly overcome; too much affected to return thanks, he gave vent to his feelings by taking off his cocked hat, the only occasion on which that symbol of authority was ever known to be raised to anyone." There is a magnetism in Keate's figure that will never be weakened. Not for nothing did he stand only five feet high, and wear clothes "partly resembling the costume of Napoleon, partly that of a widow-woman." For we English love a humorous contradiction, and the majesty of Eton suffers naught by being concentrated and caricatured in the person of this absurd little man, of whom it was said that he "flogged the son of a duke and the son of a grocer with perfect impartiality, and was thoroughly manly and right-hearted in the depths of his nature."

Fiction.

To London Town. By Arthur Morrison
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. MORRISON'S new story is pleasant, but it marks no advance in his art. His reputation still stands upon *Tales of Mean Streets* and *A Child of the Jago*. In those books Mr. Morrison had things to say, definite phases of life to describe, and he did his work well, with some probing of the deeps. Here, in *To London Town*, he is merely a superficial narrator: nothing is proved.

The story is concerned with the fortunes of a poor widow and her son. Left to her own resources, the widow opens a grocer's shop near the docks, and the boy is apprenticed to a firm of engineers. The widow marries a loafer and bully, who, after the boy has thrashed him, turns out to have another wife living, and disappears. The boy falls in love with the daughter of a notorious female drunkard, and the book ends happily. That is practically all. Now, with insight and good writing, it would be enough, but without them it must seem rather bald. And bald *To London Town* is. Mr. Morrison, as we have said, has merely narrated: he has not also demonstrated. We know hardly any more at the end of the book, than we did at the beginning, of Johnny and his mother. The book is not thorough, not complete; and the one comic character in it—Uncle Isaac—is sheer Dickens.

Fortunately, however, *To London Town* has a prologue, and in that Mr. Morrison gives us some rather nice work. The central figure of this prologue is an entomologist and retired postman, Johnny's grandfather, upon whom Mr. Morrison has spent more pains. This is a pretty passage:

"But I should like a trade where I could *make* something," the boy would answer wistfully. "I really should, gran'dad."

"Ah"—with a shake of the head—"make what? I doubt but you're meanin' pictures. You must get that notion out of your head, Johnny. Some of them as make 'em may do well, but most's awful. I see 'em in London often, drorin' on the pavement; reg'lar clever ones too, doin' mackerel an' bits o' salmon splendid, and likenesses o' the Queen, an' sunsets, with the sky shaded beautiful. Beggin'! Reg'lar beggin', with a cap out for coppers, an' 'Help gifted poverty,' wrote in chalk. *That won't do ye know, Johnny.*" . . . Putting the letter-carrying aside for the moment, and forgetting distance as an obstacle, what trades were there to choose from? Truly a good many; and that none should be missed, Johnny's grandfather took paper and a pencil and walked to Woodford, where he begged use of a London Directory and read through all the trades, from absorbent cotton wool manufacturers to zincographic printers, making a laborious list as he went, omitting (with some reluctance) such items as bankers, brokers—stock and share—merchants, patentees, and physicians, and hesitating a little over such as aeronauts and shive turners. The task filled a large part of three days of uncommonly hard work, and old David May finished his list in mental bewilderment. *What was a shive turner?* Indeed, for that matter, what was an ammeter?

The list did but multiply confusion and divide counsel. . . . It afflicted Johnny himself with a feeling akin to terror, for which he found it hard to account. The arena of the struggle for bread was so vast, and he so small a combatant to choose a way into the scrimmage! More, it seemed all so unattractive. There could be little to envy in the daily life of a seed crusher or a court-plaster maker. But the old man would pin a sheet of the list to the wall, and study it while he worked within doors; full of patience and simple courage.

"Bakin'-powder maker!" he would call aloud to whomsoever it might reach. "How's that? That's makin' somethin' . . ."

Were all Mr. Morrison's characters as carefully and sympathetically treated as his old naturalist his book would be a good one. As it is, it leaves no more impression than the ordinary manufactured story.

A Son of the State. By W. Pett Ridge.
(Methuen. 6d.)

THIS is a volume of the sixpenny series to which Messrs. Methuen give the title of "The Novelist," and if you can grapple with sixpenny print and like to have paper wrappers on your shelves, well and good. So much for the form. As for the matter, parts of it, like the curate's egg, are excellent. Bobbie Lancaster, "a short, acute-faced boy with a peakless cap," is a budding Hooligan. Some of his pranks in this capacity are quite entertaining, and the conduct of the story affords Mr. Pett Ridge the opportunity of working in some humorous treatment of slum life. Take, for instance, the evidence of Mrs. Rastin at the inquest on Bobbie's mother :

The coroner went on : "And you knew the deceased?"
"Intimate, sir."
"Was she a woman with—er, inebriate tendencies?"
"Pardon, sir."
"I say, was she a woman who had a weakness for alcohol?"
The sergeant interpreted. "Did she booze?"
"She liked her glass now and again, sir," said Mrs. Rastin carefully.
"That is rather vague," remarked the coroner. "What does 'now and again' mean?"

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Rastin, tying the ribbons of her rusty bonnet into a desperate knot, "what I mean to say is, whenever she had the chance."

"You were with her before the accident?"
"I were."
"You had been drinking together?"

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Rastin impartially, and untying her bonnet-strings, "scarcely what you'd call drinking. It was like this. It were the anniversary of my weddin' day, and brute as Rastin always was, and shameful as he treated all my rel'tives in the way of borrowin', still it's an occasion that comes, as I say, only once a year, and it seems wicked not to take a little something special, if it's only a drop of—"

"And after you had been together some time you walked along Haberdasher-street to East-street?"

"With the view, sir," explained Mrs. Rastin, "of aving a breath of fresh air before turning in."

"Was the deceased the worse for drink?"

"Oh, no, sir! No, nothing of the kind." Mrs. Rastin was quite emphatic. "She felt much the better for it. She said so."

Presently Bobbie falls into the hands of the law, and is sent, for his good, to some industrial cottage homes. Then the reader has a shock. Bobbie develops a conscience and self-respect. With occasional backslidings he becomes a credit to the "rates," and, joining a training ship, is, in the last chapter, a naval hero. The story is perhaps too idealistic, but it is a worthy pendant to *Mord Em'ly*.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE KING'S MIRROR.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

In this book Mr. Hope fuses in the manner of *The Prisoner of Zenda* and the *Dolly Dialogues*, and is yet more serious than in either. Adventures are here, but in small quantity; piquant conversations between a witty man and a woman are more frequent; but the strength of the book is its frank revelation of character. The king's mirror is another word for the king's autobiography, the king being Augustus of Forstadt, monarch, humorist, cynic, and gentleman. (Methuen. 6s.)

QUINFORD.

By ARTHUR H. HOLMES.

A quiet novel of village life, in which the heroine has to choose between two lovers. The motto of the story is taken from "Pippa Passes": "So, I grew wise in Love and Hate, From simple that I was of late," (Unicorn Press. 6s.)

WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

This is "a romance of love and crime" in the days of Jack Sheppard. Jack and Jonathan Wild divide the honours of the story, the dark shades of which are relieved by what the author calls "the picturesque humanity of Newgate." Mr. Hatton has gone to all the authorities in literature and art for facts and backgrounds, not omitting the broadsheets of the day. It is a little odd, therefore, that he should almost leave his readers under the impression that it was at Newgate that Jack Sheppard was hanged. The long, historic ride to Tyburn is but faintly indicated in about a dozen words. (Pearsons Ltd. 6s.)

A BITTER HERITAGE.

By J. BLOUNDELL-BURTON.

Unlike the author's last story, *His Own Enemy*, and many of his romances, this story is modern, and is laid in British Honduras, whither the hero, a young naval officer, proceeds with a view to discovering what is the true secret of his birth. The narrative is full of weird adventure. An English heroine, a French woman from New Orleans, and a semi-savage half-caste girl supply the feminine interest. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE MAN'S CAUSE.

E. N. LEFRAY.

Tennyson's lines :

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free,
supply the title. A serious novel, embodying a plea for the better understanding and consideration of women, and worthier efforts on the part of all. In the foreground, life in a country house. (Lane. 6s.)

A GENTLEMAN PLAYER.

By R. N. STEPHENS.

The gentleman player is Hal Marryott, and the story is of his adventures on a secret mission from Queen Elizabeth. Marryott played Laertes in the first performance of "Hamlet," which is here described, and was a friend of Will Shakespeare. Shakespeare, indeed, is in this book too, and vocal. This is his conversational manner: "Love," says he, "is a flame of the fashion: the first sight of a face will kindle it in shape of a spark. An there be no further matter to fan and feed the spark withal, 'twill soon die, having never been aught but a spark, keen though its scorch for a time; a mere seedling of love, a babe smothered at . . . But an there be closer commerce, to give fuel and breeze to the spark, it shall grow into flame, a flame, look you, that with proper feeding shall endure for ever . . .", and so forth. (Methuen. 6s.)

IN MONTE CARLO.

By HENRY SIENKIEWICZ.

A short story by the voluminous author of *Quo Vadis* and *Children of the Soil*, translated by S. C. de Soissons. Readers who here expect a piquant narrative of gambling will be disappointed. The tale concerns a painter Svirski and his relations with certain of the sex. On the last page he takes hold of both her hands and looks into her eyes with a great tenderness. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

BLAKE OF ORIEL.

By ADELINE SERGANT.

Blake, of Oriel, goes with a scholarship from a North London Board-school to Oxford, where his brilliant talents procure him the worship of a band of undergraduates, and admission into their homes as a sort of divinity. But Blake is a sham. He has latent in him the criminal instincts which he has inherited from his father, of whose crimes and present existence he had been kept in ignorance. Father and son are brought together under dramatic circumstances. The story becomes more improbable as it advances; but it will grip many readers. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

